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IMPRESSIONS OF HOME.

An American, After Long Absence, Finds Much in This Country to Praise.

Jean Porter Rudd, in Kate Field's Paper. We hear much of Italian gentilezza, and it

against our want of manner, our blunt discourtesy, and these are they who find their native land raw and crude and new, inartistic, unrefined and-ah, well, we have

Let one who has just returned after a residence of many years abroad, and who gladly make acknowledgment of both German and Italian politeness, speak a word or two on the other side.

What struck me most upon my arrival was the exceeding kindliness of my people. I can find no other word so fitting, it being too crisp and businesslike for courtesy, too brusque for graciousness, yet holding as its innate quality something better than

steamer docks my many trunks and boxes I had been obliged to affirm that I carried nothing dutiable, and then my was opened notwithstanding, making-so i seemed to me-either the oath or the examination superfluous. When I said "Well, lady, there are folks that would cheat; we have to look out for such as them." That "lady" sounded as gentile in my ears as the Italian signora. My boxes were knocked to pieces examined and knocked together again while I was taking time to draw a long breath. About me stood custom house officials, ship's officers, baggage transfer men and a surprising carpenter who knew where his nails and hammer were and what he was expected to do with them. "There, lady," he said, "I've hammered them boxes together for ye, 'most as good In Italy, the land of dolce far niente, I should have waited half a day for a like re-Kindliness accompanied my every step-

at the ferry, on the street cars, from infantile news sellers, from every one, in fact. Nobody is too busy to answer a juestion civilly, and more than once peoe have gone out of their way, against y protest, to show me mine. My "greenss' has been treated considerately, my miries responded to pleasantly, and in traveling, I and my belongings have been ished along and put into place with apparently no volition of my own. It is like land of magic. I express a wish, and

the streets and the throngs that fill them. "Noisy Americans" has been a popular phrase, but I do not find my peopl noisy. Their manner in the streets, in railway trains and at hotel tables is quiet to the extreme of reserve. And the bewildering noise of traffic that re-echoes from one-paved streets shut closely in by tall stone palaces-a reverberation that grates n every nerve-is unknown here. Even down town," in the busiest of the busy streets, it is quiet compared with the Corso of Rome or the Lung 'Arno of Florence Third, I am struck with the fact that my people are a handsome race. The paim of beauty has long been yielded to the delicate grace of American women, but the general impression made by men, women and children of all classes as they go about their affairs is one of rare good looks. They are tall, well-built, fine-featured, fresh-colored and they carry themselves nobly-nothing slouching, or cringing, or unalert about them.

In those blissful days they will realize Then everybody is so well dressed and their guest's appetite by the size of the their guest's appetite by the size of the dish placed before her. They will know that for a simple meal a soup, one meat passing through a terrible financial crisis.

It is difficult to realize that our country is passing through a terrible financial crisis.

I mean, those who go hungry and have insufficient clothing and no shelter? In Italy the poor are always with us. They live on the streets; the sidewalks are their parlors, the sea beaches, and the treasures of art and of nature. The best things they share equally with the rich. It is not altogether the poor are here also, only we rarely see

Square, wishing to drive but a few blocks, I called a cab and asked the price. "One dollar, mem." "One dollar-five francs-oh, dear me. Never mind, then, I'll walk." "Oh, no, mem. No, you don't, mem. After me comin' across the street and all. You can't do the likes of that, mem.' I had supposed myself in the land of liberty, but I meekly succumbed.

differences are amusing. One day in Union

"The same. One dollar, mem. I let him drive me about from place to place thinking to myself, "Of course, he will demand more at the last-a 'mancia,' or something." But he didn't, and saving grace prevented my offering it to him. The other day when the snow was falling neavily I happened to be crossing the Brooklyn bridge. It has been a dream of years to one day cross the Brooklyn bridge. was realizing the dream; it seemed to me that even the tug boats in the swollen river coked poetic, when suddenly there occurred a block ahead. Trucks and wagons slowed indiscriminately; whels cramped themselves into a tangle; there was a confusion of horses' legs, and drivers' whips and big policemen's brass buttons-all emphasized by some vigorous expressions in erse English, which would sound better if translated into German or Italian. I quietly opened the cab door and called to the

"What's your price for an hour, then?"

"I don't like the looks of things ahead Perhaps I had better get out." An Italian cabby would have been off his box and at my side in an instant. It would have been: "Courage, Signora, there is no danger, I assure you. I pray the Signora to have patience-only a little minute-I will protect the Signora.' Instead, my driver, who was coated and gloved as never Italian was yet, turned on me from the box with: "What's the mat-Nothin' ain't happenin' to you, You're all right. I'd tell you if yer had ter get out. Jest you shet that there door. And I shut the door. To be sure in Italy t would never have been presumed that l could shut the door for myself, but on the other hand, in Italy I should certainly have alighted; there are no such drivers as the

Italians, but I prefer terra firma to an Italian cab in the midst of a fray. There was something singularly reassuring about my Jehu's "There ain't nothin' happenin'

Sure enough, there wasn't.

DINING AT THE RESTAURANT.

A Few Hints for the Unsophisticated Woman to Follow. New York World.

Some day the fashionable schools are going to add to their curriculum a course of instruction in the art of ordering a restaurant luncheon or dinner. Then women will be better equipped for fighting their way through the world. Now they find difficulties in a menu card that the higher mathematics never presented, and are more at a loss to choose an entree tian they would be to give a synopsis Kant's philosophy. They don't remember that oysters are to be looked at suspiciously on the last day of April and the first day of September, even though they prominent position on the bill of are, and they cannot be made to realize that because they pay 50 cents for a diminutive plate of strawberries in February is is no guarantee of the sweetness of the But when they have been trained n ordering dinners they will know the proper seasons for all sorts of edibles; they will know that nothing is so good out of season as in season; they will know where in the course a sorbet or punch comes and when salted almonds should be re-

that in most large restaurants one order

will know that with heavy meats, clear, light soups should be served. They will understand they inexorable law which She will know what she must do if she she must begin with oysters, proceed to soup, thence to fish and thence to roast. After the roast a punch is served, and then an entre. Then comes salad, and after that dessert, followed by coffee and

of her guests by fruitless inquiries about their tastes and distates any more than she would at her own table. She will write her order legibly, in proper order, and will not change her mind about any course at the last minute. And eventually she may learn to fee the waiter.

GOLDEN EGGS OF THE GREAT AUK. More Valuable than Those of the Fabled Goose-This Bird Died, Too.

An egg of the great auk was sold at auction in London a few days ago for 300 guineas, about \$1,550. There are only sixtyeight eggs of this once very numerous bird known to be in existence, and less than fifty of these are good specimens. The great auk was the largest bird of the auk family, and was especially remarkable in not having the power of flight because of the smallness of its wings. It formerly abounded on both coasts of the north Atlantic and was to be seen in great numbers on our own coasts as far south as Massachusetts. It became extinct in 1844, and now its eggs are among the greatest of ornithological treasures.

There are only two eggs of the great auk in the United States. Holland has two, and one each is possessed by Denmark, Portugal and Switzerland. Germany has three, France ten, Scotland three, while fortyfive are owned in England. Only ten of the sixty-eight eggs recorded to be in existence are really perfect specimens; thirty-four are fairly perfect, ten are cracked and fourteen are eggs by courtesy, the Natural History Museum at South Kensington possessing two small pieces of eggs that are counted in the sixty-eight. Twenty-nine of the eggs are in nineteen public museums; the remainder are in private collections. The price of the eggs largely increases at every sale, and sales seldom occur. The first recorded sale was in 1853, when \$150 was paid for an egg. Only about half a dozen eggs have since come into the market, and their value has steadily risen until now a good specimen would bring several thousand dollars. The one sold in London recently was not a good specimen. It was bought by a collector about 1840 for two francs from a fisherman in Boulogne, who had it on a string with some swans' eggs. The fisherman had no idea of the value of the egg, and there may be other great auk eggs similarly owned by people ignorant of their great value. The eggs vary in size, shape, color and markings, and only an expert can distinguish them from the eggs of the common razor-bill auk. They vary in length from four and a half to five inches. The greater number have a white ground, but some are of various shades of buff and the markings are in spots, splotches and lines, Strings of birds' eggs are a common adornment of the homes of fisher folk along the New England, Nova Scotian and British coasts, and it may possibly be that some eggs of this remarkable bird are yet undiscovered. But the chance is slight, for ornithologists have hunted the world over for them. It yet might not be a bad idea for any owner of such a string of big eggs

to get an expert opinion on them. Some Wild Flowers.

Patty Thum, in Southern Magazine So many of our indigenous flowers are apt to shrink from over-much civilization and the neighborhood of men and the hordes of eager botanists who too curiously scrutinize them through magnifying glasses. They seem perfectly indifferent to human admiration, and only in solitudes will the ferns fling out their graceful fronds quite freely. In untrodden places innumerable varieties strive together for foothold, and, in silent pantomime, fight their battles for

In these quiet places how many beautiful things grow that we city dwellers never see, content with our plots of stiff gerani-ums and our beds of doleful foliage plants

a few miles away, such lovely things-the foamy lace of the elder blossom, the lady's slipper (what a round-footed lady she must have been!), the beautiful false fox glove (all unconscious, I am sure, that it is called white at first, but turns pink upon further consideration; the fragile wild touch-menot, or jewel weed, as it is also called, because it holds the morning dew so long upon the points of its leaves. The orange and red-spotted blossoms of this plant that attract one's attention seem to be thrown out merely for beauty, and seem not to aid, in which are near the showy flowers, and which never even bloom out. You remember how, if you touch them when they are ripe ever so lightly, they snap like little firecrackers and splutter the seed all around and about. But the beautiful blossoms seem to have no use in the world, unless the elves wear them for caps, as has been reported with some show of plausibility

THEY WAITED FOR THE BISHOP. How the Episcopal Prelate Gave His Opinion of Sunday Fishing.

Harper's Magazine. Some years ago a number of gentlemen visited the mountains of Colorado for the purpose of fishing. Among the party was a bishop of an Eastern diocese of the Episcopal Church. Fishing was the sole occupation and amusement of the visitors; so when Sunday came, as there was nothing else to do, the laymen of the party got out their rods, preparatory to casting a line. But they did not want to hurt his feelings by leaving him behind, nor did they want to offend his religious principles by inviting him to go fishing on Sunday. Finally one of them plucked up courage told him of their dilemma, whereupon the good man said he would tell them of a happening in his earlier life which he thought rather apropos. "Some years ago," he said, "when had charge of the affairs of a parish, was awakened about 2 o'clock one morning

and upon inquiring who was there, heard a man's voice reply that he was there with Miss Blank and they wanted to get married. I reasoned with him about the untimely hour, but to no avail; he meant to get married right then and there. So I put on my clothes and gown and went downstairs and began the marriage service. Everything went along as dictated in the service till I asked the man, Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife? to which he replied, 'What 'm I here fur?' "

They waited for the bishop.

On Kipling's Ground. Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Murray Garde, a Brown University young man who has just returned from ong visit to India, says that Rudyard Kipling's descriptions of that country, and especially his descriptions of Anglo-Indian life there, are absolutely faithful. Mr. Garde was traveling at one time from Allahabad to a small native state, and his traveling companion was Lieutenant Braceland-Hughes, of one of the English regiments of Hussars. They boarded the train at Allahabad, and Braceland-Hughes led the way into a first-class compartment. Mr. Garde, it happened, had only a second class ticket, and therefore he did not feel justified in going into a first-class carriage, and he told his companion so. "Oh that will be all right," said Braceland-Hughes, lighting a cigarette. "I know the conductor." So they sat down, and in a little while a native conductor stuck his head in the door, salaamed, and asked respectfully for tickets. Braceland-Hughes turned red with wrath. "What do you mean, disturbing gentlemen in this way?" he cried. Lieutenant Braceland-Hughes locked the door of the compartment and kept it locked until the native state was reached. "I have my ticket for that ride yet," says Garde. This story has in it something of the brutal Kipling ring that is remarkeble in Rudyard when he treats of the native and the native's ruler.

Detroit Tribune.

"Meredith," she observed, suggestively, what would you consider the best fortune that could come to you? Her heart anticipated his answer, and her is enough for two people, and they will not make the mistake of driving away their guest's appetite by the size of the the very embodiment of our ideas of beauty.

CANYON OF THE DEAD A Night of Horrors in the Moun-

How the Gorge Got Its Grewsome Ap-pellation—Massacre of the Rustlers -Terrors of the Place.

tains of Lower California.

Canyada de las Muertos, "Canyon of the Dead." Grewsome appellation that and suggestive, but see it and you will admit that it is appropriate; camp in it over night, and if you are sane enough in the morning

to jabber an intelligible phrase you will designate it as the "Canyon of Lost Souls," "Canyon of Unknown Horrors," or something equally as suggestively descriptive, Canyada de las Muertas, as it is known to Indians and prospectors, is situated in the Black Buttes, a northern spur of the Cocopah mountains, and surrounded by the desert of that name, just over the border in the eastern part of the peninsula of Lower California. But few men have visited the canyon, at least of late years. There is gold in its bed, but not in sufficient quantities to attract prospectors, and you can not hire an Indian to go within rifle shot of its shadows after the sun has dropped behind the highest peaks of the range to the west. I never was in the canyon but once, and great, indeed, must be the inducement that will occasion a second visit. We were on a prospecting trip, Georgy and I. "Georgy," as he is known from the Nevada line to San Isidro on the gulf, and from the eastern border of Arizona to the Pacific coast, is sixty years of age or more, tall and spare, a tireless mechanism of bone, blood and muscle, reticent among strangers, but talkative over his pipe around the camp fire with compadres. He is a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars, and after the latter "incident closed" at Appomattox had come West, and for the past twenty-five years has been alternately fighting Indians, prospecting and riding the border in the employ of the customs service. Everybody knows him as "Georgy," and I doubt if any one here ever heard the name his mother gave him. I never did, and I am also of the opinion that he has forgotten it himself. All we know is that he is a native of Georgia and "ht" in the Mexican war and for the Southern

evince curiosity with reference to the past of any man with whom you may be in camp; you take him for what he is and what he proves himself to be, not what he has been. It does not take long to "size him up." If you want to learn all that is nature, be in camp with him when the tobacco is all gone and the "grub" running short. I have been with Georgy under cir-cumstances very favorable for the propagation of those characteristics, but never saw them develop, although everything was gone, including hope. BOUND FOR THE COCOPAHS.

Our outfit consisted of four burros, two carrying our tools, provisions and blankets, each of the others bearing two zinc canteens, each containing six gallons of water. We were headed for the Cocopans, and across that ninety-mile stretch of burning next water hole in the Canyada de las Mujer Perdida, "Canyon of the Lost Woman." The supply of water in the canteens had been exhausted hours before, and, with the animals, we had begun to experience the discomforts of the burning third of the desert, yet we were not alarmed, as "Lost Woman's Canyon" was now but a now fell in front of us and gradually Indians seldom, ever, carry water in crossing the desert, but rely on the cactus for nourishment, the pulp of which yields a bitter acrid juice, unpalatable and unsatisfactory to a white man. In a jargon of Indian-Spanish he informed us that a temblor (earthquake, common in that region), had dried up the spring in "Lost Woman's Canyon" a few days ago; that the nearest water was in the Canyada de las Muerlos, further to the air a hell uv a place, but I low the wa-

ter's tolerable fair. We'll hev ter push along right peart ter make it befo' night.' east and plodded silently on through the sand. The burros' heads were drooping, their tongues lolling and our feet dragging wearily as we entered a broad, deep, rocky "wash" in that arid, barren spur known

as the Black Buttes. "This is not bad," I remarked, referring to the broad wash. 'You wait," replied Georgy. Half a mile further up and he pointed ahead and to the right. "Thar' 'tis."

THE CANYON OF THE DEAD. I saw a narrow rift in the towering wall of rock, as if Jove had cleft the mountain from summit to base. A deep, narrow gorge, its precipitous walls of black porphyry rising to a height of one thousand feet or higher. Behind us the sun had disappeared over the mountain and the darkening purple shadows of the canyon already looked gloomy and forbidding. As we approached it I involuntarily glanced overhead, half expecting to see the inscription "All hope abandon ye who enter here." At the entrance the burros stopped. The old gray in the lead threw forward his long ears, sniffed the air, took one or two steps then paused again, hesitating between his desire to slake his thirst at the spring he scented ahead and an instinctive dread of what might be lurking in the deep shadows "Go on, Jack," said Georgy, "it air that

ur a dry camp." As if he understood the words the old burro, followed by the others, went forward into the gorge. "I 'low we'd better take a armful apiece uv wood with us," suggested Georgy. don't guess there's a stick in thar, an' we'll need some fer the coffee." From a drift in the wash we loaded ourselves with the dead limbs of mesquite and juniper, and followed the burros. Two or three hundred yards further and we came to where they were drinking from a little stream that lost itself in the sands near the entrance. Above them a short distance wa camped, and while Georgy built a fire unpacked the mules. In the gloom stumbled over a round, whitish substance, that felt so light that it might be "honeycomb" quartz, an indication of mineral. picked it up for a closer examination, but dropped it immediately. It was a human skull. As it fell a tarantula fell out from one eye hole and scuttled away among the rocks. I made a brief examination of the locality and found other skulls; here and there, lodging among the bowlders, where they had been carried by the water, were the bones of legs and arms, and now and then a foot or hand, bleached, but in a good state of preservation. I hurried back to where Georgy was placing the blackened coffee-pot among the blazing sticks and told him of my find.
"Thet's nuthin'," he replied, coolly, he sliced the bacon. "If 'twuz only light I low you'd see a heap mo' uv 'em. They air

thick aroun' yeh. 'What was it? A graveyard' 'No, 'taint what yer mout call a graveyahd, but they wuz a sergivrus ol' killin' heah quite a spell back. I'll teil yer 'bout it after supper." That meal, which consisted of prospectors' regular fare, coffee, beans, bacon and a cake of baking powder baked in a frying pan, was soon over. After lighting our pipes and arranging ourselves comfortably on our blankets

Georgy began. GEORGY'S STORY. "'Tain't so pow'ful long ago sence whut happened yeh give the name uv 'Kenyon uv the Dead' ter this gulch, an' seein' ez I hev met a good many uv the men who war' yeh at the chris'nen, I 'low tain't all talk. Yer see, they uster be a gang uv rustlers those of some animal, presumably a wild operatin' aroun' these pahts; they wuz cat. Yet we had actually ran from sounds Mexican outlaws, American renygades an' half-breeds, an' I 'low they wuz a pow'ful hald lot. They uster lay fer emmygrant trains, an' after killin' the men an' chillun | Canyada de las Muertos.

'ud kyah the po' wimmin off down heah whar they'd die uv abuse an' grief. They's caves up above in the rocks whar they useter keep 'em. Sometimes some uv 'em 'ud git away, an' thet's how cum 'Lost Woman's Kenyon' ter git its name; but

thet air anuther story. "The rustlers 'ud keep 'emselves supplied with horses and beef cattle from the ranches ter the west, an' the emmygrant trains furnished 'em with pervisions. They wuz lots uv gold seekers them days acomin over the southern trail, an' they wuz lots uv trains uv two ur inree ur half a dozen wagons that wuz never heerd uv after they crost the river. Well, these fellers kep' on arunnin' off stock an' akillin' prospectors an' emmygrants until the ranchers an' miners on yon side uv the mountains concluded to take a han'. They got tergether an' orgynized a committee of vigilantys, an' tuk the trail right after a raid. They wuz ez hahd riders ez the rustlers, an' pushed 'em mighty clost. The rustlers lef' the cattle an' scattered, taking diffunt d'rections ter git heah; but the vigilantys wuz good trailers, an' didn't stop ter feed, so by the time the leaders rid ter the top uv that ridge uv sand hills we passed back "The vigilantys laid low tell night,

yonder ter the west they seed the last uv the rustlers aridin' inter the big wash. then sent out scouts who foun' the camp in this yeh guich without no trouble. Then twuz decided ter come ter the mouth ur the wash an' wait tel jest about day. This wuz done an' jest about break o' day the vigilantys come hellity split up the wash a some uv ther number scattered about among the rocks ter pick off any stragglin' rustlers; but," said Georgy, between puffs, as he applied a blazing twig to his freshly filled pipe, "they wuzn't none. The rustlers hed one picket out, but he'd gone in jest as twuz gittin' light, an' the vigillantys wuz at the mouth uv this gulch befo' the rustlers knowed whut 'ud happened. Well, suh, they wuz a sergivrus ol row then. The rustlers made a stan', but they wuz tuk at a disadvantage and wuz shot down right an' left. They couldn't git away, fer, yer see, theys no outlet ter this place above, so about a dozen ur fifteen uz 'em surrend'ed. Well, suh, ez soon ez the shootin' stopped, they tell me, out from among the rocks, a lookin' mo like wild beasts than human. They wuz wimmen what hed be'n captured from emmygrant trains, an' ez soon ez they tole ther' story an' uv how others hed been brought ther' an' abused tell they died, them vigilantys' minds wuz made up mighty quick. They say they jest stood them rustlers up agin the wall down thar whar the mules is an' shot 'em down. They scooped holes thar' among the rocks let 'em stay long. No, the story never got inter the papers. They wuzn't a telygraph ur a railroad within 500 miles of heah, an' besides, this air on Mexican soil. Thet's how come this ter be called 'Kenyon uv the Dead." A NIGHT OF HORRORS.

I did not doubt the story. Those silent witnesses scattered about there on the ground bore unimpeachable evidence of its truth. Although through the entire narrative Georgy interjected "they tell me" and "they do say," yet I conceived the in'," but you could tell nothing from that bronzed, grizzled, impassive face, half concealed by curling wreaths of tobacco smoke. Wearied with our thirty-six hours' coninuous tramp across the sand, we rolled in our blankets and were scon in a doze, not know, but I awoke to find myself raised on my right elbow and peering into the black wall of night, my rifle at a "ready." Have you ever awakened suddenly and had room? Well, that is the way I felt. I stared and listened, but saw nothing, and the silence was absolutely oppressive in its intensity. Rearranging my blankets I laid Again I was awakened by that feeling of a presence; again I found myself in that halfreclining position, grasping my rifle and staring into the darkness, every nerve and every sense strained and alert, awaiting some sign from that something back there in the night. I had slept for some time, for the camp fire, blazing brightly when I laid down, was now a little heap of smoldering coals. On the opposite side Georgy was lying quietly wrapped in his blankets and evidently sound asleep.

From somewhere away up the mountain a long-drawn, wavering, half-human cry came down the night. I knew it was a mountain lion; I had heard a similar cry-hundreds of times with indifference. Then why should this one send a "creepy" sensation up and down my back. God! look at that! A skull not twenty feet away was suddenly illuminated by a ghostly light, and resumed my position. Pshaw! it was nothsomething overhead like a heavy through the gulch, though there was absolater the four burros came crowding and huddling together, stood with their heads turned out and stared trembling into the dark. Again there was that "whish" and rush of something through the air above later there was a distant "thumpety thump and rumble as of galloping horses, a quiver of the earth like a passing locomotive, followed by a rattling sound far up the gulch like the irregular discharge of firearms. Heavens, that skull has moved; it is on the over by the opposite wall, is a third, al grinning at me alternately through the darkness in a yellowish ghostly glare. Over yonder is another, only its eyes showing but they are burning with a round, steady greenish flame. Great God! It is moving! Slowly, carefully circling around, but always coming closer. The burros see it and crowd towards the fire. As they move there is a "whirr-r-r" directly behind them; they had intercepted a rattlesnake crawling to the water. I was fascinated by those great eyes creeping, crawling, circling, but always approaching. I seemed to have lost all power of motion, could only gaze into those two globes of green fire. Suddenly there was a stir in the blankets on the opposite side of the fire, and the eyes disappeared. "Pard, les' break camp." By the dim

light shed by the coals I could see Georgy sitting up right on the ground gazing across gave way and the imprisoned blood went bounding through my veins. In another instant we had thrown the remaining fuel or the came fire, and by its cheery blaze we rolled our blankets, repacked the mules and filled the canteens. Heading the animals down the gulch Georgy said: "Ketch holt uv a burro's tail an' he'll steer yer clar uv the bowlders an' rattlers. I did so, and away we went down the gorge through darkness so dense that it scemed almost perceptible to the touch, the burres nearly on a run, despite their packs. Two miles out on the desert we camped on the warm, dry sand, and under the cheerful starlight recovered our spirits.

CRAZED BY HORROR. "I never seed but one man that camped in that gulch over night, an' ne was a jib berin', jabberin' ejit afterwards," said Georgy, as sitting on his blanket, he :nclined to the left and striking a match on his right thigh lighted his pipe. "Twus six yar ago comin' fall. Me'n Ol' Tex' wuz down heah when we foun' a man a runnin' about on the san' purty nigh naked and ez crazy ez a loon. It tuk both ov we'uns ter hol' him and give 'im water. After tongue an' mouth got loosened a little he'd jabber an' pint tow'ards the wash. so we tuk him an' started. He'd go along all right tel we'd git purty nigh ter the kenyon, then he'd break away an' ran. We ketched 'im an' tied him down an' went inter the gulch. We foun' his camp 'hout dead. They hed ben eat some by varmints, but if ever animals wuz skeered ter death them wuz. Yer cud see it in their ey Well, suh, we tuk kyah uv the feller fe gone, an' died the third day after we foun' We scooped a hol' in the san' an' beyied him off yen ter the right." You delvers into the unknowable explain it if you can. We were two able-bodie well-armed men. One, I am positive, knows not the meaning of fear; a veteran in two wars and carrying the scars of a dozen Indian campaigns. I have seen him tried and I know he fears neither brute nor man, and I have heard him scoff at the supernatural. The other, well, as a newspaper reporter and special correspondent in the West for fifteen years, he had had considerable experience in the mountains and in the desert; he had stood guard when he knew murderous Apaches were crawling around him in the darkness, yet he never felt as he did in that gulch. Yet we had seen or heard nothing that was not susceptible of practical explanation. The "rush" through the air was a gust of wind down the chimney-like gorge, but high above us. The quiver of the earth was a slight earthquake; the "thumpty-thump" was loosened bowlders rolling down the cliffs; the "rattling" sound was smaller we had heard dozens of times. I have exploded other stories of the supernatural, haunted mines, etc., yet I have no desire to further investigate the mysteries of El

LAST DAYS OF THE WAR

Recollections of One Who Participated in the Closing Scenes.

Grant's Appearance as He Rode to the Front to Receive Lee's Surrender-How the Troops Received the News.

None of us suspected that it was the last day of the war to us-that 8th of April. 1865. We of the Second Corps had found Lee in force behind almost unassailable works on the crest of hills west of Farmville, on April 7. General Grant probably knew how weak and shattered his foe was, for on the day before he had written Leg. telling him that the time had come for him to surrender. So, instead of pushing the enemy the afternoon of the 7th, we simply got as near him with a skirmish or picket line as we could. Lee himself was reducing his impediments, destroying his useless wagons and arms, as we subsequently learned, In spite of pickets, Lee eluded us during the night, but the head of the corps was soon on his track, We could not see it then, but now we know that the purpose of General Grant was to retard Lee's progress rather than push him to rapid flight, in order that Sheridan's and Orr's commands might head him off. The commissary train had come up, and our duty during the 8th was to guard it. It did not proceed very rapidly, and a stop was made to feed the mules, for, while a victorious army could march nearly day and night for six days on three days' rations of bread and coffee. the mules must have regular feed. It was rare fortune for a hungry regiment to act as rear guard for a provision train. The quartermasters were only too glad to lighten disabled wagons by a full ration of bread, for such a ration and such a regiment did not mind that the train was carmen in front if they could fill their haversacks and empty stomachs. Even after that supplying, not knowing when another ration would be issued, the prudent ones were quick to help a teamster over a hard

place and get at a box of hardtack. The enemy's scouts, which we were warned to look out for, did not appear during that uneventful day. It was 9 o'clock when our regiment came up with the division, and already the hard bread was being issued-the first half ration since April 2. It was a large plantation, and all the fence rails were being drawing and eating rations. Thousands of men were "cooling" coffee in their black cups and crunching the "slivers of flint" with a relish that the person accustomed to three meals a day will never experience, and washing it down with black coffee, compared with which, to his palate and needs, the nectar of the gods would be picnic lemonade. It was fortunate that such appetites did not survive the war, for if they had the country could never have sold a bushel of wheat or a side of bacon to Europe. Did the soldier eat his full? No; he knew just the number of those squares of hard bread he had received, and he had thought not only of the morrow, but of two to-morrows be-

We had drawn our rations on the road and had "cooled" coffee here and there while the train lumbered on. So we lay down behind stacked muskets and got one of the hours of sleep which we falled to get the night before. Rations issued, cartridge boxes replenished and supper eaten, the weary march was resumed. It was slow and tedious. Men who had not had a full night's rest for a week strolled along half asleep, and field officers walked beside their horses because they were too sleepy to sit in their saddles. None but hardened veterans who had seen menths of service could stand that sort of thing. They were so sleepy and benumbed with weariness that sore and blistered feet were of little conse quence. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when we turned into a field and stacked arms. Every man folded his blanket about him and literally sank down in his tracks. In five minutes dreamless sleep had fallen upon the column. Insomnia was not an

DAY OF THE SURRENDER. Sunday morning, April 9, 1865, the sun

had not risen when we were roused from sleep. We were to march to the front of the corps and occupy the front line in the pursuit. It was a gray morning, and a mist had begun to rise, which made one shiver. Toilet? Probably not a dozen men in a regiment had washed their faces since the army had broken camp near Petersburg, March 29. They had been wet to the skin during two days, and in their hurry to keep up with Lee they had waded cold streams to their waists, but really they had gotten out of the habit of morn-ing ablutions. Breakfast? The Army of the Potomac was not wasting its mornings breakfas'ing. It had gotten very much out of the habit of eating, "cooling" a pint cup of black coffee and munching a hard tack during a wait really took the place of meals.

As we were roused to consciousness there fell upon the ear the sound of distant cannon firing. Had we not been on an emi nence and the atmosphere surcharged with moisture we should not have heard it. "At it early" was the brief remark of some one. "Long way off," said another, who further expressed disappointment that the rear of the enemy was so far away. Soon while these and other irrelevant remarks were being made the firing ceased. Soon we were on our way to what should be the front line. When we had marched a mile or so the column stopped. No one knew what for, and veterans had had so much experience of that sort that they never troubled themselves to ascertain They were years past the period of rumors, and the rumor maker was not in good reputs. That we waited an hour, not the fitful but constant patter of skirmish line musketry, which had scarcely ceased for days, aroused comment that Sunday morning.

'Something is going on in front," staff officer, "but I don't know what." Soon another said that he had heard that the skirmish line had been halted. Certainly there was no firing, and we were not advancing. Staff officers of high rank rode to the rear rapidly. "Flag of truce, some one said, "and General Grant is

"Flag of truce?" men in the ranks repeated incredulously; "it can't be possible that Lee has had enough and has stoppe to surrender." Men who had been following or running away from Lee three or four years could not bring themselves consider that the confederate leader would surrender without one of the old-time bat tles; but they did not know how the starved army of Lee had melted away during this

It was not until after 9 o'clock that ru mors of the condition of things at the front came to us, and then only as reporte from officer to officer. "Lee is headed off;" "Lee's army is famished and can go no further." These and like reports came back. Then there rode down the road which we had cleared Lieutenant General Grant, with three or four staff officers Those of us who stood by the roadside could read no sign of what was transpiring at the front in that impassive face. He knew that he was going to receive the surrender of Lee, and that that act made him the most famous man of the age. On his head was that hat with a wide stiff brim over his army blouse he wore a dark blue overcoat rather the worse for the campaign and the mud, with no mark of rank; his mud-spattered boots came to his knees, and into them was thrust his trousers There was no more evidence of elation in that face than there was of dejection or disgust the July before, when the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg proved a bloody failure. That morning he did not have the usual cigar in his mouth, Then we did know that something was up. Soon came from the corps commander to the division commander, and thence down to regiments, the tidings that Grant was with Lee to receive the surrender of the confederate army. An hour later came the announcement, "Lee has surrendered."

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED. How did the tidings affect the army? At first as something stunning-something which could not be grasped. Men looked at each other and seemed to wait to have the tidings confirmed and reconfirmed in words the business of four years, and now could it be possible that it was all over without a second Gettysburg or a Spottsylvania? For the first time in three or four years